

# The Mirror

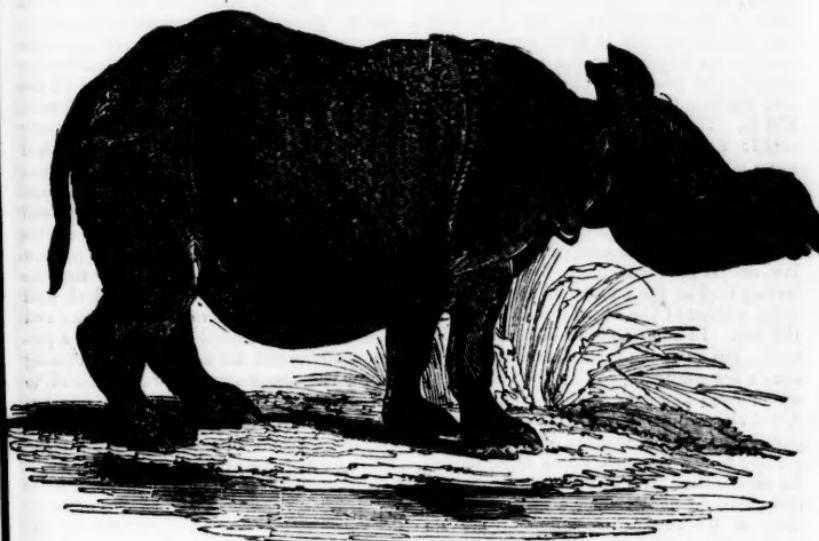
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 658.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.



## THE RHINOCEROS,

AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

This is, unquestionably, one of the most important and interesting additions yet made to our knowledge of animated nature, through the establishment of "Zoological Gardens" in this country. It is a fine specimen of the Indian one-horned rhinoceros, (*Rhinoceros Indicus*, Cuv.) and is the only rhinoceros that has been brought to England for the last twenty years.\* To the young

\* The first rhinoceros which was exhibited in Europe after the revival of literature, was a specimen of the one-horned species. It was sent from India to Emmanuel, king of Portugal, in the year 1513. This sovereign made a present of it to the Pope; but the animal being seized during its passage with a fit of fury, occasioned the loss of the vessel in which it was transported. A second rhinoceros was brought to England in 1685: a third was exhibited over almost the whole of Europe in 1739; and a fourth, which was a female, in 1741. That exhibited in 1739 was described and figured by Parsons, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, (vol. xlii. p. 583,) who mentioned also that of 1685 and 1741. A fifth specimen arrived at Versailles in 1771, and it died in 1793, at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six years. The sixth was a very young rhinoceros, which died in this country in the year 1800: some account of its anatomy was published by Mr. Thomas, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. The seventh, a young specimen was in the possession of Mr. Cross about twenty years since: lastly an eighth specimen

lover of natural history, it must, therefore, be an entire novelty; and to the experienced zoologist, from its extreme rarity, it must be considered a fortunate acquisition. The great value attached to the possession of a living specimen of this animal, and the difficulty of procuring one, may be inferred from the fact, that the cost of the present, from the time that it was taken in the Birman empire, and the charge of its food and conveyance to England, have exceeded one thousand pounds.

This rhinoceros is somewhat more than a year and a half old. It is, however, though so young, (for the rhinoceros is only full grown at twenty years of age,) strong and apparently healthy; yet not the least remarkable are its close points of resemblance to the adult animal, which might not be expected in so young an animal. It has, in miniature, the thick rugous folds or plaits of skin, so conspicuous in the full-grown rhinoceros; and which the older naturalists, with their usual

was living a few years ago in the Garden of Plants at Paris. All these specimens were one-horned, and all from India. So that the two-horned rhinoceros has never been brought alive to modern Europe,

love of marvellous exaggeration, figured as armour, completely encasing the stupendous body.

The height of this young specimen is thirty-one inches, or about that of a good-sized Hampshire hog, to which, when lying down, it has some similitude; but this resemblance is lost when the animal walks about; while it is much stouter and stronger made in the shoulders and legs than a hog, and greatly exceeds in girth any hog of its height; its length, from the extremity of the snout to the insertion of the tail, is 58 inches, and the tail 9 inches; its weight is about 650 lb. The head is long, and the eyes very small: its sight is weak, but its hearing and sense of smelling are remarkably acute, as it perceives the approach of man at a great distance. That portion of the snout which belongs to the upper jaw is very flexible, can be protruded at will to some extent beyond the jaw, and is thus particularly formed for collecting food in the manner of the tapir: the lower portion of the snout resembles that of the hog. In adult animals there are no fore teeth; but in young specimens, like the present, a few straggling cutting teeth are found, which stand at a considerable distance apart. About two or three inches above the snout is a protuberance, the germ of the future horn. According to Mr. Burchell, whose opportunities for examination were abundant, the horns of this genus do not envelope a bony core, like those of the ruminating animals; nor do they partake of the osseous nature of the horns of stags, but appear to be formed of horny fibres growing from the skin, like thick hairs closely cemented together.\* The colour of the skin is grey, with a violet tint; it is tuberculated, very hard, and hangs loose about the neck and shoulders; that under the plaits or folds thus formed being of a flesh colour.

The present rhinoceros is quiet and harmless, and will follow its keeper, or any one who offers it bread or biscuit, which it will eat greedily. Its chief food is rice, mixed with sugar, in equal quantities; but it will also eat bran and hay, and seems pleased with prickly plants, and the small branches of thorny shrubs.

Upon our visit to the Gardens, we found the rhinoceros located, we suppose temporarily, in the semicircular glazed monkey-house, with two Indian goats, who had been its *compagnons de voyage*; a circumstance which reminded us of the almost universal aversion of animals to solitude.†

\* A specimen of the adult horn to be seen in the Gardens, measures 1 ft. 10 in. long, and 9 in. diameter at the base; and weighs 14 lb.

† Mr. Jeese, in his second volume of *Gleanings*, says: "Solitude seems to be very distressing to animals. At the Zoological Farm, on Kingston Hill, animals have been put together to prevent their pining to death." We regret to find that the

Having detailed such particulars of the present specimen as we have been able to collect, by the intelligent aid of Mr. Warwick, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, it is presumed that a few brief notices of the specimens of the rhinoceros, which have been exhibited in England, may not be unacceptable in illustrating the general economy of the animal; and we intend, in our next Number, to present them thus supplementarily, to prevent interference with our brief outline of this young specimen: for the difference in the habits and certain appearances of the young and adult animals are worthy of note. Before proceeding with these facts we may mention that the rhinoceros already referred to as in England twenty years since, was for a considerable period in the collection of Mr. Cross, of Exeter Change; and that a full-grown specimen, that was on his voyage to this country from Calcutta, a few months since, became so furious that he was fastened down to the ship's deck with part of a chain-cable round his neck; and even then he succeeded in destroying a portion of the vessel, till a heavy storm coming on, the rhinoceros was thrown overboard, to prevent the serious consequences of his getting loose in the ship. 77

#### "THEN DOST THOU COME."

By M. L. B.

WHEN, like a dew, sleep lies upon my brain  
And weary heart,  
When dreams are many, and their flow'ry chain  
Twines, not to part,  
Round my lull'd senses, till Day's holy light  
Dissolves it, and the trancing spells of Night,  
Then dost Thou come!

When amid darken'd hills the storm-gust sighs,  
When walls the sea;  
When from forsaken hearths the red fire dies,  
When things that be,  
Unreal seem to the drows'd waking sense,  
Or when the Sleeper roams in realms far hence,  
Then dost Thou come!

When Fancy in her orient Eden dwells,  
When Care is dead,  
When Mem'ry sleeps with all her mournful spells,  
When vanished  
Is Hope, the Shadow which aye points and pines,  
And lengthier grows, as the soul's day declines,  
Then dost Thou come!

Mother! in thy sweet beauty, but more pale  
Than wanling star;  
Or the wild light before the rising gale,  
Or hopes that are  
Fading within the heart like dreams, and flowers:  
In Nature's hush, in slumber's painted hours,  
Then dost Thou come!

Mother! the coral strawberry in its bed  
Gleam'd like a gem,  
When thou to join the Sabbath of the Dead  
Wert call'd from them  
Who wept Thee! Yet Thou livest still to me;  
Yea, in Night's hush, when the soul's wings are free,  
Then dost Thou come!

Zoological Society quitted their farm on Lady-day last, and that in a month, the establishment will be at an end.

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Yea, sweetest Mother! with thy beauty pale,  
As from Earth's pain;  
Yet with that smile which tells a heavenly tale,  
And with a strain  
Of loving music on thy lips, when sleep  
In visions wild my passive sense doth steep,  
Then dost Thou come!

## NOTRE DAME DE GRACE.

Who that has read Washington Irving's very pleasant *Bracebridge Hall* but must remember the story of *Annette Delambre*? —the Nina of humble life, who in the exuberance of youthful gaiety had so wounded the sensitive heart of her lover, as to induce him, without even bidding her farewell, to betake himself to sea, where he was supposed to have been lost; and who, in her turn, brooded over her bereavement until her reason became unseated, and, on his unexpected return, could only be restored to his undiminished love by the most gradual appliances of skill and care. This pathetic narrative has given an additional charm to a locality in itself sufficiently interesting.

The chapel of *Notre Dame de Grace*, where this forlorn maiden offered her vows to the Virgin, whose name it bears, is situated on a hill, which rises immediately beside the town of Honfleur, overhanging the mouth of the Seine. On the summit is planted a lofty crucifix, with an image of the Saviour; but the building itself stands with retiring modesty somewhat in the background, so as to be only partially visible from certain parts of the water, and entirely concealed from the Honfleur side; nor, owing to the rounding of the eminence, is that town to be seen from the various zigzag footpaths by which the height may be scaled on its steep seaward face—although, from the pretty road leading in serpentine curves over the more gradual slope behind, Honfleur, as it is looked down upon, presents a most compact and comfortable appearance, nestled in the bosom of surrounding elevations. The charm, however, dissolved in a great degree as the town itself is entered; for it bears the marks of “decay's effacing fingers,” time, and the alluvial deposits of the river having removed its once flourishing commerce nearer the sea, on the opposite side,

“Such as Honfleur was, is Havre now.”

It owes the remains of its prosperity chiefly to its fishing-trade and to the English, both as residents, of whom there is a respectable colony, and as a thoroughfare on their route to Caen and other favourite resorts in Normandy and Brittany, which our countrymen continue to invade, as of old, though with gold instead of steel!

The view from the summit of the chapel-hill is charming, and I had the happiness to see it under a peculiarly favourable aspect. It was a day of heavenly serenity, towards the latter end of summer, when the blue of the

sky had attained its mature depth, and the softness of the air attunes the senses to placid enjoyment. The clearness was very different from that startling purity of atmosphere, so frequent in many parts of France, which, by rendering the extremest distance crisp and minute, tends to destroy all aerial perspective: on the contrary, there seemed to breathe a fulness and richness that almost cloyed the imagination with a feeling as of surrounding haze, until the eye corrected the sensation by observing the remotest objects unveiled by the slightest vapour, although so softened that where it ranged out of the guidance of the distant outlines of the coast, which appeared to float, self-balanced, in space, it was impossible to distinguish the boundary between ocean and sky—unless where some far-off vessel, diminished to a speck, showed that thus far, at least, extended the terrestrial horizon.

Let us now fill up the landscape from the spot we are seated upon to its undefined termination. The foreground slopes down rapidly in picturesque patches of foliage and rugged breaks to the water's edge, from whence the river extends its lovely bosom to about four or five miles exactly opposite, and widens onwards, to the open sea. The objects on the other side are partially thrown into shade, the darkest part finely relieving the lofty, light-coloured steeple of Harfleur, where our Henry V., according to Shakespeare, made the gallant address, commencing

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

[Our esteemed Correspondent, we are persuaded, will allow the following interpolation connected with this epoch in the history of Harfleur.]

Whilst Harfleur was in its glory, it was considered the key of the Seine and of this part of France. In 1415, it opposed a vigorous resistance to our Henry V., who had no sooner made himself master of it, than, with a degree of contradiction, which teaches man to regard the performance of his duty to God as no reason for his not performing it to his fellow-creatures, ‘the King uncovered his feet and legs, and walked barefoot from the gate to the parish church of St. Martin, where he very devoutly offered up his prayers and thanksgivings for his success. But, immediately afterwards, he made all the nobles and the men-at-arms that were in the town his captives, and shortly after sent the greater part out of the place, clothed in their jerkins only, taking down their names and surnames in writing, and obliging them to swear by their faith that they would surrender themselves prisoners at Calais, on Martinmas-day next ensuing. In like manner were the townsmen made prisoners, and obliged to ransom themselves for large sums of money. Afterwards did the King banish them out of the town, with numbers of women

and children, to each of whom were given five sols and a portion of their garments.' Monstrelet, from whom is transcribed this detail, adds, that 'it was pitiful to hear and see the sorrow of these poor people, thus driven away from their homes; the priests and clergy were likewise dismissed; and, in regard to the wealth found there, it was not to be told, and appertained even to the King, who distributed it as he pleased.' Other writers tell us that the number of those thus expelled was 8,000, and that the conqueror, not satisfied with this act of vengeance, publicly burned the charters and archives of the town and the title-deeds of individuals, repeopled Harfleur with English, and forbade the few inhabitants that remained to possess or inherit any landed property. After a lapse, however, of twenty years, the peasants of the neighbouring country, aided by 104 of the inhabitants, retook the place by assault. The exploit was gallant; and a custom continued to prevail in Harfleur, for above two centuries subsequently, intended to commemorate it; a bell was tolled 104 times every morning at day-break, being the time when the attack was made."<sup>\*</sup>

This town, which has lost the convenience of the river still more than Honfleur, is nearly concealed by a point of the land, forming the boundary of a small valley in which it is situated. The shore farther down consists of table-land, breaking off nearly perpendicularly to the level of the water, and presenting a variety of delicate colours, according to the nature of the culture and the cliffs; until upon the flat delta extending from the extremity of this line of coast, the flourishing town of Havre whitens in the sun, with its low tower rising from the level mass of buildings, and the gay houses of Ingouville, like terrace upon terrace, running up the face of the acclivity behind. Further reaches of the coast on both sides of the broad mouth of the firth, are to be traced, as before alluded to, where sea and air seem to unite by imperceptible gradations.

There are moments when the mind seems to emancipate itself from worldly thoughts, and feels as it were to form a part of universal nature. I know not how long I had basked over this scene, or how much longer I should have continued unconscious of anything else, when I perceived the figure of an old man, whom I had not before noticed, rising from a kneeling posture before the crucifix already mentioned. He was naturally tall, and, though stooping in gait, he seemed to expand into gigantic altitude against the blue sky as he approached the spot near the edge of the hill where I lay upon the green turf. The situation suggested half-formed visionary fancies—was it the genius

\* Dawson Turner's Tour in Normandy, vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

of the place, grown old like its commerce and superstition, coming to read a moral lesson on the mutability of human affairs?—or a personification of Time himself, to remind me by his aged appearance how I was neglecting his progress? I had not recovered my *every day* sensations ere he accosted me, and a degree of romantic impression was rather prolonged when I found that he was asking me to tell him which was the sea! as he had never before been in sight of it! He was, therefore, a greater stranger to the spot than myself, though not, like me, a foreigner; and I endeavoured to introduce him to the wonders of, to him, a new element. He said it was beautiful—very beautiful—and he did not seem inclined to task his imagination how it might appear when lashed to fury by the winds. No, he was quite satisfied with the gentle picture it conveyed to him, and which appeared to amalgamate pleasingly with his own placid disposition.

We strolled together towards the chapel, which, as already intimated, removed from the very summit, occupies a recess in a grove of nobly-spreading trees. Its architecture is a species of simple gothic, with a circular turret, picturesque and suitable to its position; while its front is tastefully surmounted by a handsome statue of the Virgin, encompassed in an open double rim, containing within it the words *Etoile de la Mer, priez pour nous*, the letters set *à jour* seeming from below to form a halo inscribed in the air. The epithet *star of the sea* struck me as singularly poetic—typifying a guiding constellation to the night-wandering mariner!

I was arrested outside the door by a display of articles for sale in a couple of booths, as showy as if decked out for a fair; but, on examination, the whole, large and small, neat and gaudy, bore some religious emblem, being intended as offerings in the chapel, suitable for persons of all ages, either in fulfilment of vows, or as propitiation for future favours. As a memorial of my visit I purchased, for half a *franc*, a small, coloured pear on a stand, formed of a hard, semi-transparent substance—said to be cocoa-nut wood—a child's toy. But the pear unscrews, and out comes a double rosary of blue beads, separated from each other by links of silver wire, which twists itself at the centre into a cross, showing a red bead at the extremity of each limb.

I found the interior of the chapel neat, though showy enough, and abounding in ornaments and offerings, including models of ships, which are of frequent occurrence in churches of naval towns. Besides the high altar, there was one at the end of either transept with fluted pillars like Raffaelle's beautiful gate, and smaller shrines in the recesses and corners of the building, prostrate before one of which I perceived my aged acquaintance on his knees, his head covered by his

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clasped hands, and his whole attention absorbed in his devotions. I did not disturb him, but paused over him in passing, a little humiliated, perhaps, at the difference of our occupations. At least, I felt no superiority that circumstances enabled me to treat with idle curiosity, or ineffectual sentiment, those associations which inspired in him the homage of the heart; for the remark of the poet on the careless joys of youth seems as applicable to the unsophisticated simplicity of age—

" When ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

W. G.

### Notes of a Reader.

#### BURNE.

[The widow of the poet Burns died at Dumfries on the 16th ult., and her interment has been preceded by the following interesting circumstances, which we find in the *Dumfries Courier*, and consider worthy of transfer to our pages.]

The remains of Mrs. Burns were interred in the family vault on Tuesday, the 1st of April, with all the solemnity the occasion demanded, in presence of an immense crowd of spectators. Independently of the bard's mausoleum, St. Michael's churchyard is, perhaps, the most remarkable cemetery in Britain; amidst innumerable tombs thousands on thousands sleep below; and on the day alluded to, public interest or curiosity waxed so intensely, that it became, if such an expression may be used, instinct with life as well as death. By many, a strong wish was expressed that the funeral should be made broadly public; others again objected to every thing like parade, as unsuited to the quiet, retiring character of the deceased; and amidst counsels and wishes so opposite and conflicting, the relatives and executors had a duty to discharge which was felt to be exceedingly onerous and perplexing. The Magistrates and Commissioners of Police offered to mark their respect for Mrs. Burns' memory by attending her funeral in their public capacity—an offer so honourable that it was at once acknowledged and acceded to by the trustees. The Magistrates and Council assembled, at half-past eleven on Tuesday morning, and shortly after moved in a body to Burns-street.

As many persons were received into the house as it could possibly contain, including various clergymen, citizen friends, and country gentlemen; and after the usual forms had been observed, the coffin was placed on spokes, and borne by many to its final resting place. Throwing a stone to a chieftain's cairn was deemed an honour by our Celtic ancestors, and a similar feeling obviously prevailed in regard to the funeral obsequies of the poet's widow. Before one person had well touched a spoke, he was succeeded by

another, eager to share in the same mournful duty; and although the distance was extremely short, several hundred hands bore the body along by shifting as frequently as St. Michael's bell tolled. Though the crowd was very dense, forests of heads were thrown into lines as the procession moved forwards; every window was filled with spectators; numerous visitors were observed from the country; and altogether the scene reminded many of the memorable day of the Poet's funeral. So great was the anxiety to enter the Mausoleum that the pressure, in the first instance, occasioned a slight degree of confusion; but in a minute or two order was restored, and the body lowered slowly and solemnly into the family vault. The chief mourners then descended, took the stations assigned them, and after every thing had been adjusted, placed the coffin in a grave dug to the depth of four feet. Five relatives attended the interment, viz. Mr. Robert Burns, eldest son of the poet, Mr. Robert Armour, the widow's brother, and the husbands of three nieces, the Messrs. Irving and Mr. M'Kinnel. But there were other chief mourners, and among those we observed Mr. Dunlop, Southwick, Provost Murray, Dr. John Symons, Mr. Bogie, and Mr. M'Diarmid. The grave was covered in a brief space; the chief mourners then withdrew; and after every thing foreign had been removed from the vault, the executors gave the necessary directions for restoring the large stone which guards the entrance to the tomb of our great national poet. As this was a task of considerable labour, hours elapsed before it could be completed, and, in the interim, thousands had an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by taking a parting look at the resting place of genius.

It is generally known that the remains of Burns were exhumed privately, on the 19th of September, 1815, and deposited with every regard to decency, in the arched vault attached to the Mausoleum, then newly erected in honour of his memory.\* Originally his ashes lay in the north corner of the churchyard; and as years elapsed before any general movement was made, his widow, with pious care, marked the spot by a modest monument, the expense of which she willingly defrayed out of her own slender means. In the first instance, attempts were made to enlarge the churchyard wall, and thus avert the necessity of a ceremony in the highest degree revolting to the feelings of Mrs. Burns; but the spot was so narrow, and interfered so closely with the property of others, that the idea was abandoned as utterly impracticable. On the day, therefore, already named, the Committee chosen, proceeded to the spot before the sun had risen, and went

\* For an Engraving of the Mausoleum, see *Mirror*, vol. iii.

to work so rapidly that they had well nigh completed their purpose previous to the assemblage of any crowd: and it was fortunate their measures were so wisely taken; for though the gates of St. Michael's were carefully locked, a few early risers and accidental observers communicated so speedily their suspicions to others, that before the entrance to the vault could be closed, an immense crowd besieged the front of St. Michael's, and on leave being refused, readily found the means of admitting themselves. Still the individuals alluded to discharged with the greatest sternness, their duty as sentinels, by repressing all attempts at obtaining bones, relics, or indeed anything connected with the respective coffins of the Bard and his two sons. As a report had been spread that the largest coffin was made of oak, hopes were entertained that it would be possible to remove it without injury, or public examination of any kind. But this hope proved fallacious; on testing the coffin, it was found to be composed of ordinary materials, and liable to yield to the slightest pressure; and the lid partially removed, a spectacle was unfolded, which, considering the fame of the mighty dead, has rarely been witnessed by a single human being. There lay the remains of the great poet, to all appearance entire, retaining various traces of recent vitality, or to speak more correctly, exhibiting the features of one who had newly sunk into the sleep of death. The forehead struck every one as beautifully arched, if not so high as might have been reasonably supposed, while the scalp was rather thickly covered with hair, and the teeth perfectly firm and white. Altogether the scene was so imposing, that the commonest workmen stood uncovered, and as the late Dr. Gregory did at the exhumation of the remains of King Robert Bruce, and for some moments remained inactive, as if thrilling under the effects of some undefinable emotion, while gazing on all that remained of one "whose fame is as wide as the world itself." But the scene, however imposing, was brief; for the instant the workmen inserted a shell or wooden case beneath the original coffin, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust. Notwithstanding the solemnity the occasion required, at least a few felt constrained to lift and examine the skull, probably under the inspiration of feelings akin to those of *Hamlet*, when he leant and moralized over Yorick's grave, and who, if aware of the passage, might have quoted appropriately enough the language of Byron:—

"Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;  
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul!  
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,

Of passion's host that never brook'd control:  
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ  
People this lonely tower—this tenement reft?"

Everything, as has been stated, was conducted with the greatest propriety and care; and after the second grave-bed of the Poet and his offspring had been carefully prepared, the original tombstone was placed above their ashes, and the vault closed for a period of nearly nineteen years, that is, from the 19th of September, 1815, till the 28th of March, 1834.

The remains of Mrs. Burns, as has already been stated, were interred on Tuesday, the 1st of April. On the day preceding, the vault was opened by Mr. Crombie, a work of considerable difficulty and labour, and the keys of the mausoleum, which is guarded round and round with high iron-pillared doors, were placed temporarily in our own possession. And here it may be best to confess the whole truth, and conceal nothing. Ever since we became acquainted with what occurred on the 19th of September, 1815, we have regretted that so favourable an opportunity was missed of taking a cast from the poet's skull; and the more so, when informed that the phrenologists had made an imaginary one from the portrait, and on this theory assigned to Burns all the qualities of a great statesman. In this regret we were joined by many; and not a few persons, here and elsewhere, by word and by letter, prompted and urged the propriety of a measure we had previously determined to adopt, if possible. But one difficulty remained behind—soothing the repugnance and conciliating the feelings of those who alone had a right to decide—the principal male relatives of the bard and his late relict. We obtained a reluctant and conditional consent. From this moment matters were put in train, and at seven a small party repaired, one by one, and by different routes to St. Michael's churchyard. But the hour was found unsuitable, and the opportunity inapt, from the number of anxious eyes still abroad. At nine, however, the attempt was renewed with all the success which the most enthusiastic admirers of genius or science could desire. Again the party conferred privately, and proceeded stealthily, one after another, by the quietest paths; and after clambering over the churchyard walls, met by appointment in front of the mausoleum. Mr. Blacklock offered his services at a favourable moment, and it was well we had a gentleman with us qualified to give a scientific account of the appearance, preservation, and peculiarities of the skull. While one of our number kept watch above, the rest of the party descended into the vault by means of a ladder and a muffled lantern; and we shall not readily forget the mingled emotions that arose in the mind, passing away and returning with the most thrilling influence, as we stood solemnly on the poet's grave, and recalled

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the awful malediction of Shakspeare. The night was most serene, and the dim light of the lantern, and the loneliness of the vault, contrasted strikingly with the lambent light of the host of stars that sparkled brightly in the heavens above. Mr. Crombie's knowledge of localities rendered the process of disinterment comparatively easy; and Mr. Bogie, who had seen the skull in 1815, proclaimed its identity the moment it appeared. But in the absence of such a witness, its size and appearance were quite sufficient to avouch the fact, and after it had been carefully cleaned, a cast was taken from it before the parties retired to rest. In the execution of this duty they received the most efficient assistance from Mr. James Fraser, whose skill and style of handling would do no discredit to a London artist. Just as the party were about to separate, the clock struck the hour of one in the morning: and although ten individuals were present at the last, the largest hat of the whole was found too narrow to receive the skull—a sufficient proof of its extraordinary size. Early on Tuesday morning a leaden box was made, and carefully lined with the softest materials; and on the same day, we as in duty bound, witnessed its reinterment, the sacred relict it contained, previous to the funeral of Mrs. Burns. The original tombstone from the vault has been placed within the iron railing which protects the sculpture. In accomplishing this, the said railing had to be slightly enlarged; and the stone now occupies a position where it can be seen by all, without being trod upon, or injured by any. The inscriptions upon it are as follow, the closing one having been chiselled within the last few days:—

"In memory of Robert Burns, who died the 21st July, 1796, in the 37th year of his age; and Maxwell Burns, who died 25th April, 1793, aged two years and nine months. Also of Francis Wallace Burns, who died 9th July, 1803, aged 14 years. Also of Jean Armour, relict of the poet, born February, 1765, died 26th March, 1834."

What follows is from the pen of Mr. Blacklock:—

"On Monday night, 31st of March, 1834, Mr. John McDiarmid, Mr. Adam Rankine, Mr. James Kerr, Mr. James Bogie, Mr. Andrew Crombie, and myself, descended into the vault of the Mausoleum for the purpose of examining the remains of Burns, and, if possible, procuring a cast of his skull. Mr. Crombie, having witnessed the exhumation of the bard's remains in 1815, and seen them deposited in their present resting place, at once pointed out the exact spot where the head would be found, and a few spadefuls of loose sandy soil being removed, the skull was brought into view, and carefully lifted.

"The cranial bones were perfect in every

respect, if we except a little erosion of their external table, and firmly held together by their sutures; even the delicate bones of the orbits, with the trifling exception of the os unguis in the left, were sound and uninjured by death and the grave. The superior maxillary bones still retained the four most posterior teeth on each side, including the dentes sapientiae, and all without spot or blemish; the incisores, cupidati, &c. had in all probability, recently dropped from the jaw, for the alveoli were but little decayed. The bones of the face and palate were also sound. Some small portions of black hair, with a very few grey hairs intermixed, were observed while detaching some extraneous matter from the occiput. Indeed nothing could exceed the general high state of preservation in which we found the bones of the cranium, or offer a fairer opportunity of supplying what has so long been desiderated by phrenologists, a correct model of our immortal poet's head: and in order to accomplish this in the most accurate and satisfactory manner, every particle of sand, or other foreign body, was carefully washed off, and the plaster of Paris applied with all the tact and accuracy of an experienced artist. The cast is admirably taken, and cannot fail to prove highly interesting to phrenologists and others.

"Having completed our intention, the skull, securely inclosed in a leaden case, was again committed to the earth precisely where we found it.

"ARCHEO. BLACKLOCK.

"*Dumfries, April 1, 1834.*"

#### GEMS,

*From Sardanapalus, by Lord Byron.*

#### SARDANAPALUS, ON HIS MODE OF LIFE.

Must I consume my life, this little life,  
In guarding against all may make it less?  
It is not worth so much! it were to die  
Before my hour, to live in dread of death,  
Tracing revolt: suspecting all about me,  
Because they are near; and all who are remote,  
Because they are far. But if it should be so—  
If they should sweep me off from earth and empire,  
Why, what is earth, or empire of the earth?  
I have loved, and lived, and multiplied my image;  
To die is no less natural than those  
Acts of this clay! 'Tis true I have not shed  
Blood, as I might have done, in oceans, till  
My name became the synonyme of death—  
A terror and a trophy. But for this  
I feel no penitence; my life is love:  
If I must shed blood, it shall be by force.  
Till now no drop from an Assyrian vein  
Hath flow'd for me, nor hath the smallest coin  
Of Nineveh's vast treasures e'er been lavish'd  
On objects which could cost her sons a tear:  
If then they hate me, 'tis because I hate not;  
If they rebel, it is because I oppress not.  
Oh men! ye must be ruled with scythes not sceptres,  
And mow'd down like the grass, else all we reap  
Is rank abundance, and a rotten harvest  
Of discontents infecting the fair soil,  
Making a desert of fertility.

#### SARDANAPALUS AND MYRRHA.

*Sar.* Thou art very fair,

And what I seek of thee is love not safety.

*Myr.* And without love where dwells security?

Sor. I speak of woman's love.

Myr. The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs  
Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing,  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

Sor. My eloquent Ionian! thou speakest music,  
The very chorus of the tragic song  
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite pastime  
Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not; calm thee.  
Myr. I weep not. But I pray thee, do not speak  
About my fathers or their land.

Sor. Yet oft

Thou speakest of them.

Myr. True—true: constant thought  
Will overflow in words unconsciously;  
But when another speaks of Greece, it wounds me.

#### MYRRHIA'S LOVE OF SARDANAPALUS.

Myr. Why do I love this man? My country's  
daughters

Love none but heroes. But I have no country!  
The slave hath lost all save her bonds. I love him;  
And that's the heaviest link of the long chain—  
To love whom we esteem not. Be it so:  
The hour is coming when he'll need all love,  
And find none. To fall from him now were baser  
Than to have stabb'd him on his throne when highest  
Would have been noble in my country's creed;  
I was not made for either. Could I save him,  
I should not love him better, but myself;  
And I have need of the last, for I have fallen  
In my own thoughts, by loving this soft stranger:  
And yet methinks I love him more, perceiving  
That he is hated of his own barbarians,  
The natural foes of all the blood of Greece.  
Could I but wake a single thought like those  
Which o'er the Phrygians felt when battling long  
'Twixt Ilion and the sea within his heart  
He would tread down the barbarous crowds, and  
triumph.

He loves me, and I love him; the slave loves  
Her master, and would free him from his vices.  
If not, I have a means of freedom still,  
And if I cannot teach him how to reign,  
May show him how alone a king can leave  
His throne. I must not lose him from my sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis no dishonour, no,  
'Tis no dishonour to have loved this man.  
I almost wish now, what I never wish'd  
Before, that he were Grecian. If Alcides  
Were shamed in wearing Lydian Omphale's  
She-garb, and wielding her vile distaff, surely  
He who springs up a Hercules at once,  
Nursed in effeminate arts from youth to manhood,  
And rushes from the banquet to the battle,  
As though it were a bed of love, deserves  
That a Greek girl should be his paramour,  
And a Greek bard his minstrel, a Greek tomb  
His monument.

#### FONDNESS OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR ANIMAL FOOD.

Two German tailors had been cheerfully eating vegetable dinner—so does the Italian who lives on macaroni;—so does the Irish labourer who lives on potatoes;—so do the French peasants who eat little but bread;—so do the millions who subsist in India on rice—in Africa on dates—in the South-Sea Islands and West Indies on the bread-tree and on yams; in fact, only a very small proportion of the inhabitants of this globe are carnivorous: yet, in England, we are so accustomed to the gouty luxury of meat, that it is now almost looked upon as a necessity; and though our poor, we must all confess,

generally speaking, are religiously patient, yet so soon as the middle classes are driven from animal to vegetable diet, they carnivorously both believe and argue that they are in the world remarkable objects of distress—that their country is in distress—that "things cannot last";—in short, pointing to an artificial scale of luxury, which they themselves have hung up in their own minds, or rather in their stomachs, they persist that vegetable diet is low diet—that being without roast-beef is living below zero, and that molares, or teeth for grinding the roots and fruits of the earth, must have been given to mankind in general, and to the English nation in particular—by mistake.—*Bubbles from Nassau.*

#### ANECDOTE OF THISTLEWOOD.

WHEN Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow criminals he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance; no spark of grace appeared. Yet (it is a fact which, whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known) on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins! All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players, when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen anywhere except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life.

—*The Doctor.*

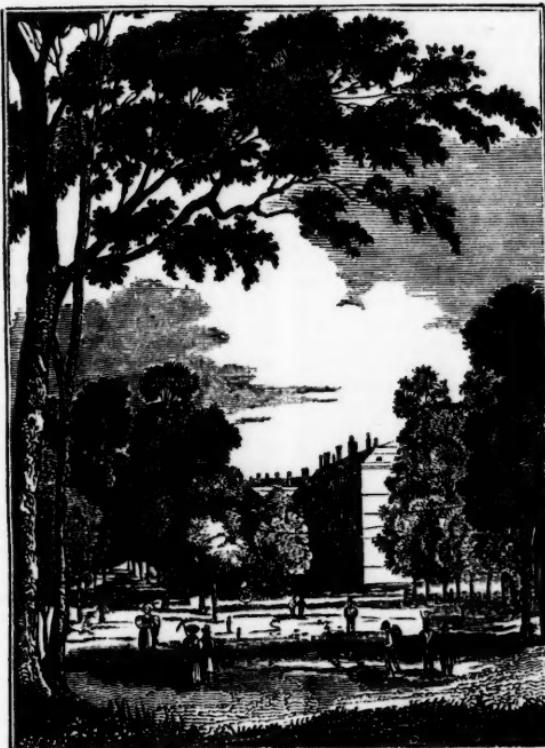
#### POPULARITY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE "Arabian Nights" made their way amongst us at once, because, in addition to stories of enchantment which interest the young, they exhibit a true picture of life and manners which comes home to the bosoms of men in whatever climate they breathe. There is very little of the sectarian peculiarities of religion in those immortal tales. The presiding care of a benevolent Providence they uniformly acknowledge; they treat as an opposing and formidable power the spirit of evil, and they assign to both subordinate agents, who, under the forms of propitious or malignant genii, manage all the affairs of the world. This is a system easily comprehended, and the exciting character of the incidents constituting a majority of these stories easily reconciles us to the marvellous machinery by which they are conducted.—*Quarterly Review.*

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## PUBLIC WALKS:



THE ITALIAN BOULEVARD, PARIS.

It has been well observed that "we have nothing in England like the Parisian Boulevards;" and we fear private interest will long continue to thwart such recreative additions to our metropolis, as roads of great breadth, with a double row of elms, and some with two walks, or four rows, on each side, such as are the Boulevards of the French capital. These avenues are not, however, merely to be admired for their approach to rural beauty; for, "rising as they do, in the heart of a great city, they partake of its artificial elegance and luxurious character; being skirted in some parts with tastefully-built dwellings, shops, restaurants, and cafés."

Of these roads and walks, the *Boulevard des Italiens* is the most fashionable portion of the inner belt or zone. Here, in fine weather, loungers pass the sunny day upon chairs, which are hired for two sous each. At nightfall, the promenade is well lighted, and thousands of persons going to or from the theatres, or private parties, or lounging about for diversion, keep up the bustle and animation, till all-subduing sleep bids the

busy world retire. But the Engraving will convey a better idea of the grouping of the Italian Boulevard than a page of description.

The trees consist almost entirely of the small-leaved elm: a great many of them were, during the July Revolution of 1830, cut down; but others have, we believe, been planted in their stead. Mr. Loudon, in November, 1830, suggested that they should be "planted in a manner suitable to the progress of the age; and that, instead of monotonous lines of elms, there should be a representative system of all the vigorous-growing timber-trees which would flourish in the open air in the latitude of Paris;" which hint has not, we hope, been disregarded by those persons to whom the replanting of the Boulevard has been entrusted.

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Fine Arts.

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THE DUKE OF YORK'S MONUMENT.  
An Engraving of this noble work will be found at page 417 of our twentieth volume, with such details as we were able to collect

about sixteen months since, by a visit to the spot, an ascent to the abacus of the column, and a hasty look-out from its platform; for the iron railing was not then fixed on the outlines, and we suffered some trifling inconvenience from the reverberation of the chippings of a score or two of masons; although we do not plead this in extenuation of a few misstatements in our details of the column. The dimensions were furnished to us by a responsible person connected with the works; but the reference of the column to the Doric instead of the Tuscan order may be an error of our own judgment, or memory.\*

The reader may be aware that the colossal statue of the Duke of York has, within these few days, been placed upon the acroter or domed top of the column, and the monument thus completed; and, almost simultaneously, has appeared a column of details in the several London newspapers, in all probability, furnished by the architect, or the Committee for superintending this work of grateful testimony. From these details we abridge a few particulars.

"The subscription for a monument to commemorate the public services of the Duke of York as Commander-in-Chief of the army, having, in the year 1829, amounted to the sum of 21,000*l.* (which was afterwards increased, by an accumulation of interest and further contributions, to about 25,000*l.*), the Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen for managing the application of that fund invited seven or eight of the most eminent architects in the country to offer their suggestions and to make designs, with a view to the accomplishment of that object." The Committee did not, however, decide upon the design till December, 1830, when that submitted by Mr. Benjamin Wyatt was finally adopted. Mr. Newell, the mason, of Grosvenor Wharf, Pimlico, contracted to complete the *column* for the sum of 15,760*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* and within two years from his being put in possession of the ground. "Fortunately, the great opening into St. James's Park had been decided on before the exact site for the column was fixed upon; and thus, an opportunity was afforded for placing this ornamental and stupendous feature in one of the most imposing positions imaginable, whether with reference to its effect as viewed from the top of Regent-street, or from the Park below the steps." The view from the summit of the column itself is, certainly, the finest to be obtained of the most embellished quarter of the metropolis, and approached only by the *coup d'œil*

\* We have, we might say, an illustrious precedent for such a mistake; Palladio having asserted that he found some ancient remains of the Tuscan order in Italy, of which he has given an example restored from the fragments; but it is so different from that described by Vitruvius, that it is not so much a genuine Tuscan as a fancy order, founded upon a spoliation of the Doric.

from the Colosseum; and, to quote ourselves, "from the York column alone can the magnificence of Regent-street be duly appreciated, and, above all, the skill of the architect in effecting the junction of the lines by the classical introduction of the Quadrant."

Possession of the ground was given to the architect and contractor on April 25, 1831; the excavation for the foundation was commenced on the 27th of the same month, and finished on the 25th of the month (May) following. "The peculiar nature of that foundation is not one of the least remarkable among the characteristics of the masterly construction. The ground being in an artificial and a very loose state, to a great depth below the general level of Carlton-gardens, in the part where the column was to stand, it became necessary to remove the loose ground, and dig to a solid stratum of natural earth, which was not to be had at less than twenty-two feet below the general surface, and from thence to bring up such a foundation as should be fit to receive the enormous weight of the intended column. In the course of only twenty-eight days from the completion of the excavation, a body of *concrete*,† consisting of stone-lime, river-stones, sand, coal-ashes, and water, in certain proportions, was formed of sufficient magnitude and solidity to fill up the excavation, and to sustain the vast superincumbent weight of the column; and in seven weeks exactly, from the time at which this body of concrete was commenced, the masonry of the pedestal of the column was begun to be placed upon it.

"This artificial foundation was, to a certain degree, of a pyramidal form, its base lines forming a square of fifty-three feet, whilst its top lines formed a square of thirty feet, with all four sides inclining equally and regularly (as towards the apex of a pyramid) from the base to the top. At the height of 11 feet 6 inches above the base line of the concrete was introduced a strong course of Yorkshire stone slabs, seven inches thick, lying over the whole surface of the concrete at that level—an extent of upwards of forty feet each way—and composed of stones of such magnitude, that nine of them were sufficient to cover the whole superficies, effectively equalizing the pressure from above upon the body of the concrete below. Again, at the top of the line of the concrete this same expedient was repeated, and another course of Yorkshire stone slabs introduced, to complete the artificial mass which was to form the foundation for the column and its pedestal, and which in a short time became as solid and compact as if it had been a natural rock of granite. Upon this huge,

+ The foundation of the New Westminster Hospital was similarly managed; (see *Mirror*, vol. xxii. p. 92.) as well as that of the City Club-house (see *Mirror*, vol. xxii. p. 417.).

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newly-created body of composition (which was completed on the 25th of June, 1831) the first course of masonry was, in only three weeks afterwards, commenced.

"The column is of the Tuscan order, and is composed of granite of different colours, all brought from quarries in Aberdeenshire. Its surface throughout is, according to technical language, '*fine axed*,' not polished or rubbed.

"The pedestal underneath the column consists of ten courses of grey granite, from the quarries of Aberdeen, above the level of the ground, and is 16 feet 8 inches high, to the bottom of the base of the column, having one course of rough granite (from the island of Hern) between the first of these ten courses and the course of Yorkshire stone slabs, on the top of the concrete."

We now come to the dimensions, in which there occur a few discrepancies with our statement sixteen months since. The account proceeds:—"The plinth of the pedestal measures 22 feet 6 inches on either side; and its die is 18 feet and  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch in diameter. The base of the column, consisting of two members only—viz. the plinth and the torus—are formed also of granite from Aberdeenshire, but of a bluer tone of colour than that of the pedestal; and are, together, 5 feet 4 inches in height. The shaft of the column, which is of red granite, contains twenty-six courses, and has six apertures on one side, and seven on the other, for the admission of light to the staircase within. The bottom diameter of the shaft is 11 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and that of its top, immediately under the capital, is 10 feet  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches; whilst its whole height is 84 feet 10 inches, from the *top* of the basement to the *bottom* of the capital. The capital consists of two courses of the same coloured granite as the base, and is 4 feet 2 inches in height. Upon the outer lines of the abacus of the capital is fixed a plain but very substantial iron railing; and in its centre is constructed the acroter, which at once forms a roof, or covering, to the internal staircase, and a pedestal for the statue to stand upon. The superstructure is of the same red granite as the shaft, and contains seven courses in height between the top of the abacus and the foot of the statue. The gross altitude of the whole structure, from the surface of the ground to the top of the acroter, is 123 feet six inches; and the statue itself being 13 feet 6 inches, the whole distance from the ground to the top of the figure is 137 feet.

"The spiral staircase within the pedestal and shaft of the column consists of 168 steps, of 2 feet 4 inches wide, and very well lighted in every part between the pedestal and the outlet upon the abacus of the capital. The architect made use of this staircase for the purpose of firmly binding together all

parts of this fabric, by means of the bond-stones."

We must add, the whole has such an appearance of solidity as to resemble one stupendous slab of granite, within which the stairs have been, as it were, dug, or chiselled out.

The statue weighs 7 tons 800lb., and represents the Duke in the robes of the Order of the Garter, the folds of which aid in supporting the ponderous figure. It was conveyed to the base of the pillar on a truck, and was hauled up by ropes and pulleys, the scaffolding for which is stated to have been a triumph of mechanical contrivance. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to reflect on a weight of 16,480lb. being raised 123 feet in height\* without associating the labour with some of the gigantic labours of antiquity; an association, by the way, which is not unassisted by the material of the column, this being, as regards hardness, colour, and external appearance, scarcely inferior to "the red and grey Egyptian granite of ancient times." It should not, however, be overlooked, that if we consider the raising of this statue a wonder of art in the present age of mechanical triumphs, what must have been the labour of the Egyptians in erecting their stupendous monuments, beside which our buildings are puny, and almost furnish materials for another Lilliputian satire. One consolatory reflection remains. The monuments of Egypt are, by those who have studied their history, believed to have been undertaken by tyrannical rulers to oppress the people, and thousands perished in their construction; but the architectural works of our times are the free labours of industry and peaceful prosperity.

The York column, in form, resembles the Pillars of Trajan, at Rome, and of Napoleon, in the Place Vendôme, at Paris. Yet it lacks the interesting character of those celebrated monuments. The rich reliefs are wanting in our column, where all is blank stone; and the merits of the Trajan reliefs, as illustrations of the manners, costume, &c. of the period in which the pillar was erected, are too valuable to be passed over in the comparison.

The proportions of the York column, and that at Paris, are as follow:

<i>Column at Paris.</i>	<i>York Column.</i>
<i>Feet.</i>	<i>Feet.</i>
Height - - - - 141	Height - - - 137
Diameter - - - - 12 9	Extreme Diam. 11 7 $\frac{1}{2}$

\* This extraordinary labour occupied from eleven o'clock A.M. till six o'clock in the evening. The sum to be paid for raising the statue, and placing it on the column is 400*l.*, the contractor binding himself to make good any damage that might happen to the statue by accident or otherwise. There is no instance of any statue of so great a weight having been lifted to such a height in this country.

## The Public Journals.

## THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

*A Sicilian Fact.*

MASCALI, a thriving town on the eastern coast of Sicily, some miles distant from the city of Catania, is situated on the beach, at the foot of one of the most charming of the Etnæan hills, whose gentle slope is covered with vineyards, corn fields, and olive grounds, interspersed with gardens, and orange groves, which impart a delicious perfume to the air. The size and flourishing condition of its productions abundantly testify the exuberant fertility of the soil. A little above the town, and overlooking it, is the modern residence of the ancient family of Z———, situated in one of the pleasantest spots imaginable, embowered in a wilderness of agrumi, whose never-fading verdure gives the appearance of perpetual spring to this favoured region. The summit of this beautiful eminence is crowned by an antique castle, formerly the abode of the same family; and in still earlier times, a royal chateau, built by one of the kings of Sicily, for his reception, when disposed to partake of the pleasures of the chase. It commands in front an enchanting view of the distant coast of Italy, the sea studded with craft of every denomination, and the shore variegated with town and village, winding streams, and promontories of lava. To the right, lay the superb city and vast plain of Catania, so renowned for its fertility. To the left, the silver currents of the Acis and the Fiume Freddo are seen paying their tribute to the sea. Behind, stretches an extensive wood, remarkable for the size and variety of its trees, and the inexhaustible stock of game with which it is furnished. In the distance, the most prominent and sublimest feature of the scene, the snow-crowned Etna, elevates its smoking head into the clouds. This old edifice is called il Castello della Zita, or the Betrothed, from a daughter of an ancient lord of these possessions, whose father, as the tale runs, arbitrarily promised her hand to one of her suitors, whilst her heart was engaged to another. In spite of tears, prayers, and remonstrances, a day was destined for the marriage. On the evening preceding the morning on which the ceremony was to take place, it was observed that the intended bride had dried her tears, and appeared composed and resigned to her fate. In the morning the guests had arrived, the priest was ready, the bridegroom in attendance; but the bride was wanting. She was not in her apartment. The castle was searched from turret to dungeon, but the young lady was not found. At length, pair of slippers was discovered on the ledge of a window: they were recognised as those of the bride. On looking out, she was seen lying in her

nighdress, a corpse, in the ditch of the castle, into which she had precipitated herself to avoid a detested union.

The present story, though of a more modern date, as it happened somewhat after the middle of the last century, in some points resembles the foregoing; but the lady, although, if possible, still more unfortunate in her destiny, does not appear to have possessed the desperate resolution of her fair predecessor.

Baron Z———, the proprietor of these domains at that period, had led a single life until near fifty, and perhaps might have continued to do so, had not some disagreement with his brother, who, in default of issue, was his heir, determined him to disappoint his expectations by taking a wife at that late period. Having formed this resolution, he proposed for the daughter of the Prince of P———, of Catania, a girl of eighteen, whom, perhaps, he had not seen twice in his lifetime. The baron being well known by his large possessions, the father consented at once to a match, which, reckoning for nothing the disparity of years, or the inclinations of his child, he esteemed highly advantageous. When he communicated the offer to his daughter, and ordered her peremptorily to receive the baron as her future husband, the young lady was thunderstruck at intelligence so unlooked for and disagreeable, and remained silent, being incapable of utterance, in the presence of the prince; but no sooner had he retired, than throwing herself at the feet of her mother, she conjured her to prevent a union which could not fail to plunge her in irremediable misery. The princess, though attached to her daughter, knowing the arbitrary and violent character of her husband, declined all interference in the matter, and recommended obedience as the wisest and fittest course. In fact, both her parents were aware that her principal objection to the baron was an attachment she entertained for a cadet of a noble family, an officer in the army, then absent in Naples; but neither of them suspected that she had already clandestinely become his wife. They had, previous to his departure, been privately married by the family chaplain, who had been won over by their entreaties. No wonder, then, that the unfortunate girl testified such repugnance to the match now proposed to her. In vain she expostulated and entreated; a deaf ear was turned to her prayers. Her union with the officer she dared not reveal, well knowing, from the vindictive temper of her father, that such confession would cost the life of her husband.

Whilst the young lady remained utterly at a loss what steps to take in so deplorable a condition, her father aware, as I have said, of her inclination for the young officer, artfully procured a letter to be sent from Naples, detailing a fictitious account of his death;

conceiving that when he had thus succeeded in shutting out all hope, he should find her more tractable. These dreadful tidings overwhelmed her with grief; but far from answering the expectations of the prince, seemed only to have increased her aversion to the baron; until her father, designing to terrify her into consent, gave her the choice of a convent, or that nobleman for a husband; disappointed by her gladly embracing the former, he retracted his offer, which had been mere menace, and would not even hear of the alternative he had himself proposed. He then allowed her but three days to prepare herself, giving her to understand that the baron, at the expiration of that period, would come to the palace to be betrothed to her, as is the custom in Sicily, previous to the actual celebration of the marriage ceremony.

These three days were three whole ages of horror to the unfortunate young lady. At times her heart misgave her, and suspicions came over her mind, that the story of her husband's death might be a fabrication; a notion which only served to add to the cruel embarrassment of her situation. She resolved still to hold out, and to refuse her consent when the fatal hour arrived. When it did, and the baron came in state, with a long train of relatives and friends to witness the event, she refused to appear, and remained in an undress within her chamber. But these were weak preservatives against the fury of her father, who violently tore her in that condition from her apartment, and apologizing to the baron for what he termed girlish waywardness, commanded her to signify her consent to the proposed union. Terrified by his menaces, and not gifted by nature with any great energy of character, she said, in faltering accents, that she was compelled to comply with the will of her father. This dubious assent was esteemed sufficient by those with whom a direct refusal would have signified as little. Soon after, the marriage ceremony took place; she was carried by force to the church, where she fainted at the altar, and remained in a state of insensibility during the greater part of the service. After its termination the exulting baron returned to Mascali with his mourning bride, whose sorrow he attributed, as her father had hinted, to her being now, for the first time, removed from the paternal residence.

Her internal struggles, her grief for the supposed death of her real husband, the agitation she had undergone, affected her brain, and though not altogether amounting to actual insanity, she began to give proofs of aberration of intellect. There was at the time, and there still is, in the grounds, a beautiful reservoir of water, ornamented with a superb fountain. This was her favourite resort: she would sit by its margin for hours

together, in utter listlessness, or mingling her tears with its pellucid stream. Even at night she would leave her bed, hasten there, and giving vent to her feelings, commit a thousand extravagances. The baron, who it seems was in reality much attached to her, was at first alarmed by these nightly wanderings, but having caused her to be watched, and finding that she discovered no inclination to injure herself, he thought it best to let her have her own way, and gradually grew accustomed to her wild and eccentric habits. At length she became a mother, an event which gave great delight to the baron, and seemed, for a time, to relieve the devouring melancholy which preyed on her heart.

It is not improbable that the flow of new feelings, maternal affection, and the assurance that her first husband was no more, might have finally succeeded in restoring reason which had only been occasionally clouded, to the empire of her mind. She gradually grew better, and appeared reconciled to her situation; when one day her favourite attendant, whom she had brought with her from Catania, told her, that she had seen the ghost of her former husband in the garden; that it attempted to approach her, but overcome with terror, she had escaped into the house. The wretched young baroness, never entirely convinced of his death, saw at once through the deceit that had been practised on her, and broke into violent exclamations of grief, remorse, and despair. She directed the maid to watch the garden, and the next time she saw the appearance, (which she was convinced was not a spirit, but her beloved husband in person,) to speak to him, and relate how cruelly she had been beguiled into a marriage with the baron, and to acquaint him that she would, the same night, meet him at her favourite haunt, the fountain. Next day the woman again fell in with him, and on his addressing her, soon found that he was no spectre, but the living husband of her lady. Having imparted all her mistress had desired, the young man said, that hearing of her marriage with Baron Z——, he had felt assured that she had been made the victim of some artful misrepresentation, and that as soon as he had been able to obtain leave of absence, he had hastened to Sicily, to hear the fatal story from her own lips; prepared, in case he found her union was voluntary, to bury his own claim in oblivion, rather than destroy her peace, or injure her honour in the eyes of the world, whatever the effort might cost him.

That night the wretched husband and wife met at the fountain, and gave vent to the poignant anguish with which they were alike penetrated. They would willingly have fled together, but where would they be safe from the pursuing resentment of her father and the baron? To avow their marriage

and claim her as his wife, was a scheme equally hopeless and hazardous. There were no other witnesses to the marriage, which had taken place privately in the family chapel, than her own servant and the priest who performed the ceremony; whose testimony, no doubt, would be overruled, or themselves, if expedient, put out of the way. After several hours spent in fruitless deliberation, they at length parted; having resolved, as their only practicable plan, to attempt an escape to a foreign country, as they could not hope to be secure in their own. Night after night the unhappy couple continued to meet at the fountain. The baron, aware of her mental infirmity, and of her similar excursions before her confinement, paid little attention to what he supposed a return of the malady. In the mean time, the officer having collected what money he could command, which, with the lady's jewels, was all they had to rely on for future subsistence, hired a felucca, which was to convey them to Trieste, whence they proposed making their singular story known to her family, and effecting, if possible, a reconciliation with them.

All, for some time, appeared to favour their plans; the day appointed for the sailing of the felucca and the flight of the lady approached. But their nightly meetings, carried on with too little precaution, had attracted the attention of the domestics: one of them, the gamekeeper, to ingratiate himself with his master, betrayed the secret of the unhappy couple. The baron, infuriated at being thus, as he conceived, dishonoured, ferociously gave orders to the informer and an assistant, to lie in wait for, and despatch the unhappy young man in the presence of his supposed mistress. These men, though they accepted the horrible commission, less cruel than their master, had the compunction to forbear committing the dreadful deed before the eyes of the lady. The officer was, as usual, the first who came to the place of meeting. The assassins discharged their blunderbusses at him, a few paces distant from the fountain, willing that their mistress might at least be spared the terrible shock of discovering the body herself. But the dying man, badly wounded as he was, either to slake the death thirst, or obtain, perhaps, a last sad look of his beloved, contrived to crawl to the margin of the fountain, and there expired, a few moments before his wretched wife came to the spot. When she saw and recognised her husband, heedless of discovery, she threw herself on the bleeding body, pressed it in her arms, and filled the air with her piercing screams. The murderers conjecturing the cause of the cries, drew near to the spot. When she saw them approach she sprung up, and endeavoured to precipitate herself into the water. Prevented in this design by the savage huma-

nity of the assassins, she broke from them, and ran wildly through the grounds, frightened shrieking, leaving behind her a track of her husband's blood, which dropped from her night dress, saturated with the crimson stream. When at length overtaken and re-conveyed to the house, delirium followed delirium, and when they ceased, frenzy succeeded; the dark night of insanity had utterly quenched the light of reason. In her lucid intervals, which were few and far between, she was heard to pray for the return of madness as a relief from sufferings too acute to be endured. The baron, her husband, never mentioned the circumstance, nor suffered it to be alluded to in the house. The morning after the event, he ordered the corpse to be consigned into the hands of the police, as that of a person killed by his servants in the supposition that he was a robber, having been found trespassing by night on his premises.

During the short time the lady lived, she returned to her former habit of wandering by night. The spot stained with the blood of her husband was her favourite haunt; there was she accustomed to sit and linger for hours, seeming to hold converse with some invisible being, addressing the visionary creation of the brain with the most endearing epithets, and extending and folding her arms as if embracing a beloved object. Long after her death, the terrified domestics were wont to assert that they often beheld at night a female form sit weeping by the brink of the fatal fountain.—*Metropolitan.*

#### SONG.

Upon a bedded bank,  
With flowers between the grass;  
And by a crystal stream,  
That shall smoothly pass,—

There let me lie.

Let the boughs above  
Hang o'er my head;  
And the flickering beams  
Through leaves be shed—

There let me lie.

Let the happy bird  
Still happy be;  
Golden beetles creep,  
And take no thought of me—

There let me lie.

Let the white-crown'd flower  
Shrink not to be seen;  
Raised on a sceptred stem,  
As it were the Queen—

There let me lie.

Strife there cannot be  
In a scene like this;  
Where the leaf and flower,  
And trees and water kiss—

There let me lie.

Life hath here repose,  
In the green above;  
In the green below,  
All whose light is love!—

There let me lie.

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Troubles will not come,  
Sorrow passeth by,  
But Fancy looketh down  
With her cheerful eye—  
There let me lie.

Who shall enter in ?  
But for whom 'tis meet ;  
All with sweetest look,  
And with gentle feet,  
Whilst there I lie.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## The Naturalist.

### BURNING MOUNTAIN OF AUSTRALIA.

Communicated by the Rev. C. Pleydell N. Wilton,  
*M. A.*, to the *New South Wales Magazine*.

As I have lately returned from a fourth visit to the burning mountain, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn the appearance then presented by that phenomenon of our southern land. My first excursion to Mount Wingen I accomplished in the early part of the year 1829, an account of which appeared in the *Australian Almanac* in 1830, and the following year; and, in the same annual of 1832, my second visit is recorded. I had again an opportunity of observing the progress of ignition on this mountain in the middle of last year. The fire was at the period raging in two directions—viz. S.S.W. and on that portion of the summit where it had been long extinct to the eastward, having made rapid progress in the former direction since my previous visit. I had the good fortune on this occasion to procure some excellent specimens of crystals of sulphur, sulphate of alumine, muriate of ammonia, &c., which I secured on the spot with wax, in compartments made in trays, so formed as to fit tight into a large box. This when filled, and fastened down, was conveyed away upon a dray; and when the distance of the mountain from Newcastle, and in many places the unevenness of the road, which passes over hills and through creeks and gullies, are taken into consideration, it is surprising that they were so little injured. The above method I should recommend as the only one by which a collector could insure the safe conveyance from the mountain of specimens composed of such delicate materials. On my visit to the same spot last month, I found the sulphureous vapours ascending in much thicker columns, and the red heat in the crevices more intense and continuous, than on any former occasion. A greater portion also of the mountain was under ignition, and the fire was raging up the acclivity to the S.S.W., and over a space below on a portion of the mountain to the N.W., which had not been submitted to its action evidently for a long period. The thermometer placed at the margin of one of the crevices, where the sandstone below was at a red heat, rose to 170°. An amazing quantity of muriate of ammonia,

and of sulphate of alumine, as well amorphous as stalactitic, and in the shape of porous balls, is being constantly formed. The stock of the latter had been lately much reduced, this substance being greatly in request amongst the neighbouring settlers, as a cure for the disease in sheep. Before I quitted the mountain, and while engaged in searching for varieties of agate, fragments of which are very abundant, a most beautiful specimen of quartz crystals upon this mineral, of about a foot in diameter, was dug out of the earth at no great distance from the scene of fire and disruption.

### TORPIDITY OF SNAILS.

(By a Correspondent of the *Magazine of Natural History*.)

THERE are on record some extraordinary facts, which seem to prove that, under certain conditions, all of which are not yet known, the respiration of many Mollusca, more especially the terrestrial, may be suspended for an indefinite period, and again renewed by the application of heat and moisture; life, as it were, keeping watch, and holding at bay every destructive agent, but without giving any outward sign of her presence and constant wakefulness, until the return of those influences in which she joys. "All the land Testacea," to use the words of Dr. Fleming, "appear to have the power of becoming torpid at pleasure, and independent of any alterations of temperature. Thus, even in midsummer, if we place in a box specimens of the *Helix hortensis*, *nemoralis*, or *arbustorum*, without food, in a day or two they form for themselves a thin operculum, attach themselves to the side of the box, and remain in this dormant state. They may be kept in this condition for several years. No ordinary change of temperature produces any effect upon them, but they speedily revive if plunged in water. Even in their natural haunts, they are often found in this state during the summer season, when there is a continued drought. With the first shower, however, they recover, and move about; and at this time the conchologist ought to be on the alert." (*Phil. Zool.*, vol. ii. p. 77.) I may illustrate these remarks, which are perfectly correct, by some additional examples; one or two of which you may find to require an exercise of faith for which you may not be altogether prepared. Mr. Lyell tells us that "four individuals of a large species of *Bulinus*, from Valparasio, were brought to England by Lieutenant Graves, who accompanied Captain King in his late expedition to the Straits of Magellan. They had been packed up in a box, and enveloped in cotton, two for a space of thirteen, one for seventeen, and a fourth for upwards of twenty months; but, on being exposed, by Mr. Broderip, to the warmth of a fire in London, and provided

with tepid water and leaves, they revived, and now live in Mr. Loddiges's palm-house." (*Princ. Geol.*, vol. ii. p. 109.) Dr. Elliottson put a garden snail "into a dry closet, without food a year and a half ago: it became torpid, and has remained so ever since, except whenever I have chosen to moisten it. A few drops of water revive it any time." (*Blumenbach's Physiology*, p. 182.) Similar instances may be found in some of the periodical journals; but they are as nothing when compared with the snails of Mr. Stuckey Simon, a merchant of Dublin, which, on being immersed in water, recovered and crept about after an uninterrupted torpidity of *at least fifteen years*; and I agree with Mr. Bingley in thinking that this is well-authenticated fact. Whether what follows is so, I leave to your own decision; but I will not say you are unreasonably sceptical if you deem it too framontane. "Professor Eaton of New York stated," says my authority, "that the diluvial deposits through which the Erie Canal was made contained ridges of hard compact gravel. On cutting through one of these, near Rome village, 16 miles west of Utica, the workmen found several hundred of *live* molluscous animals. They were chiefly of the *Mya cariosa* and *Mya purpurea*. The workmen took the animals, fried, and ate them. He adds, 'I was assured that they were taken *alive* 42 ft. deep in the deposit. Several of the shells are now before me. The deposit is diluvial. These animals must have been there from the time of the deluge, for the earth in which they were is too compact for them to have been produced by a succession of generations. These freshwater clams of 3000 years old precisely resemble the same species which now inhabit the fresh waters of that district; therefore, the lives of these animals have been greatly prolonged by their exclusion from air and light for more than 3000 years.' " (*Silliman's Amer. Journal.*)

### The Gatherer.

*A Question Settled.*—One morning a very philosophical gentleman, a great inquirer into right and wrong causes and effects, and in mind akin to the sage in *Rasselas*, who wished to arrange the world after his own ideas of order and equity, came down to breakfast, and beheld from a window looking into a back court, a cat playing with a mouse. Hereupon our philosopher began thus to muse within himself: "Is it just that one poor, weak, defenceless creature should become the sport and prey of another, large, strong, and rapacious? Is it right, that suddenly, in its prime of life and enjoyment, it should thus barbarously be cut off from both? Shall I drive its enemy away, and deliver it? Yet if I do, *cui bono?* My cat and millions of

other people's cats will still catch mice: I may preserve the existence of one mouse for a space, (alas! it cannot be for long!) but not of the species: yet grant that I could save the whole race: what then? Why, then the genus *Mus* would so increase and multiply, that overrunning the earth, they would become the pests and destroyers of man? Besides, would it be kind and just towards the cat, made by nature a beast of prey, to deprive her of this mouse? For Providence has assuredly not less formed mice to be eaten, than cats to devour them? What right have I then to deprive Puss of her lawful prey? And what shall I do? I am, I confess, fairly puzzled; for here are two principles very opposite, but both, it seems to me, equally rational. It is unjust that the weaker should become the prey of the stronger; but it is equally unjust to deprive that stronger of its appointed sustenance, be it obtained as it may. How shall I reconcile these differences? How proceed in so delicate a case? &c. &c. Whilst our philosopher perplexed himself with these truly edifying thoughts, (they passed through his mind much quicker than we can detail them,) forgetting that he had no business to interfere with the original laws laid down by the Creator of all things, or to attempt to remodel them, a housemaid with her broom stepped into the yard, and in a summary manner ended his deliberations, by sending the cat flying from a bang with her staff of office, and laying the mouse dead on the spot with a sturdy and well-directed blow.

M. M.

### Fragments.

Dost dream thine icy heart shal ne'er be thaw'd  
By woman's smile? Nay, it shall come on thee,  
Like Heaven's own fires upon a waste of snow!

He's wise,  
Wisest and best, who best doth know himself;  
And of such knowledge, wondrous is the lack  
In this brave world, wherein each reads, it seems,  
His neighbour's bosom better than his own!  
Wherefore,—Thyself consider, and be wise!

M. L. B.

A note for CX at the Office.

### THE MIRROR.

(From the *Town Journal*, April 5, 1834.)  
"Among the cheap publications of the day, the *Mirror* is by far the ablest and best conducted. It is a depository, but in a more fascinating shape, of the antiquarian notices which first established, and long continued the celebrity of the Gentleman's Magazine for that interesting branch of literature. It is saying a great deal of modern works, but we sincerely pronounce it as our opinion, that it is very seldom indeed, if ever, that any thing appears in the *Mirror* which we could wish to have been omitted. It contains a rich fund of miscellaneous intelligence and playful anecdote. A complete series of the *Mirror* would be a treasure."

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